I Remember Thinking I Had You

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I Remember Thinking I Had You

by SparkingBrakelights

Summary

Bobby and Shannon fight over Chris.

Chris doesn't know what bisexuality is.

It ends up getting more serious than it probably needs to.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1: Without [him] there pushing somehow I can't / Move

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Everything had been completely and entirely awful since Chris and Shannon had started dating. In all of the many times Bobby had imagined this summer, it had never been anything like this.

"Alright counselors! Are we ready for another exciting day?"

Shannon was the worst person, possibly *ever*, and Chris was obsessed with her for some reason. He actually *liked* her.

The Pineway counselors were at their morning meeting where they could share plans for the day before the kids woke up. He and Chris had walked there together, from their cabin. Of course, as soon as they got into the building, Shannon glued herself to Chris's other side.

A few people gave half-hearted cheers at Jason's attempt to hype them up. But it was six in the morning, what did he expect?

Now Shannon was holding Chris's fucking *hand*, what the actual fuck.

Okay, yes, the plan had been to sleep with a lot of girls hopefully. But that was a pipe dream. Something that probably wouldn't happen, just like it hadn't last year, or the year before that.

"There's a slight change of plans today," Jason continued, and Bobby perked up. It had worked? "We thought it would be better to switch things up today, so instead of the girls/guys counselor teams we've had going on, today we'll have guys and guys and girls and girls pair together."

Thank fuck, thank god, thank Claire. It had worked, he was going to get Chris to himself today *and* split him and Shannon.

"Ah, that's too bad, guys," he said, walking up to stand beside them. "But on the bright side, Chris, *we* get to spend the day together."

"Wow, so smooth, Bobby," Shannon said sarcastically.

He bristled. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means obviously you bribed Jason into putting you with Chris instead today."

"No, actually," he sniffed. "I didn't bribe Jason. I tried that weeks ago, it doesn't work."

"No it does not," Jason agreed with a smile, walking towards them with Claire. "I just think it's only fair to the kids that we mix up who they're grouped with sometimes, so they can meet more people."

"Why don't we keep them with the same groups, so they can form deeper, more meaningful connections?" Shannon argued.

Jason hesitated, and Claire stepped in.

"It's just for a day, guys. Bobby's with Chris today, and you'll be back with him tomorrow. Nobody's trying to keep you from Chris, Shannon, I promise. I mean, except Bobby obviously, but we're not letting that happen."

"Fucking Judas," Bobby cried incredulously as he watched his one hard-earned ally sell him out.

"Shannon's my *friend*, asshole."

"What, and breaking that bond costs *more* than $150?"

"Yes." Claire blinked. "Was that a *surprise* to you?"

Before he could respond, he heard Chris's voice behind him, causing him to promptly abandon the stupid argument with Claire. He turned around to see he and Shannon had moved a little ways away, far enough that Bobby couldn't quite make out what Chris was saying. Which was such bullshit. He wasn't even with her today and he was *still* talking to her instead of Bobby?

He took a few moments to seethe before stalking over with a stiff smile.

"Alright Chris." He flung an arm over his shoulder, pulling him away from Shannon, who discreetly flipped him off. Yeah, well fuck her too. "You ready to get going? I was thinking we take the kids way up the hill today."

They walked together out the door, Bobby guiding Chris away from Shannon.

"I'm hungry!" a whiny voice complained as the group trudged up the inclined path.

"Well that's too bad, dude, man up," Bobby called behind him from his place at the front of the pack. He heard a groan in response and a chorus of quiet snickers, one of which was unmistakably Chris, who brought up the rear. He smiled, glancing behind him to catch Chris's eye, his gaze light with amusement.

Then Chris cleared his throat. "It's about time for lunch anyway, why don't we take a break here?"

The kids glanced at each other and Bobby nodded quickly. "Sure, sounds good, Chris." As the kids started collapsing dramatically on the ground, he called out. "Hey, everybody stay where we can see you! Don't wander off or you'll fucking die and if you don't I'll fucking kill you."

He walked over to Chris and settled down next to him. "I don't remember being this annoying," he grumbled.

Chris laughed and shook his head. "We definitely were."

He scoffed. "*You* maybe."

"I wasn't the one that made one of the counselors literally quit."

"That's debatable. We were both in her group, it could have been you. Anyway, she didn't quit because of one kid, she just "didn't enjoy the work environment" remember?"

They snickered, and Bobby's heart lifted.

It was like Pineway used to be. Like how Bobby had imagined *this* summer was going to be. Just him and Chris and a bunch of annoying kids who idolized them.

The day flew by in a bright blur filled with laughter.

The view at the top of the hill was gorgeous. The kids were finally tired enough they weren't causing chaos every five seconds, instead they were just laying on the ground, sipping their water, and talking quietly.

He and Chris sat together at the highest point, watching it all.

"You're in a really good mood," Chris noted.

Bobby sighed contentedly. "Yeah, I don't know, I just feel like today's been pretty perfect."

"Yeah, it's been great," Chris agreed. "It's really nice to hang out."

"Well why don't you then?" Bobby didn't have the self-control to stop himself from asking.

Chris paused. "Why don't I what?"

"Why don't you hang out with me as much anymore?"

They stared at the kids. Chris started picking at his fingers.

"I try to—I mean, I *do*. It's not like we stopped. We see each other every day, we still do pretty much everything together. It feels like you're just so obsessed with fighting with Shannon you don't even enjoy it."

"Then maybe we should do things just us, without Shannon. Like this."

Chris shrugged. "I don't know dude. Maybe. But you know she matters a lot to me too. I just wish you'd try to be friends."

"Yeah, well she's literally the worst, so no," Bobby said immediately.

"Come on," Chris pleaded. "You're my best friend, she's my girlfriend, I want you guys to get along."

Bobby's chest tightened. He looked down. "So I'm...I'm still your best friend?"

"Yeah, of course, dude. What are you talking about?"

He turned his head away, looking towards the forest. "I don't know, I thought maybe you'd want Shannon to be your best friend now or something."

"What? No, of course not," Chris said. "You'll always be my best friend, okay? No matter what."

The words helped, but not as much as Bobby had been hoping they would. "You really mean it?" he asked.

"Yeah," Chris replied. "I mean it."

The hike was much shorter downhill and Chris and Bobby's kids easily made it back in time for dinner. They ran off to get food, Chris ran off to see Shannon, and Bobby was left alone.

He'd thought a lot about what Chris had said. About trying to get along with Shannon. Of course, he *wouldn't* try to, he already knew he couldn't. But the why was starting to bother him. Because he was *not* going to let the reason be what he was starting to think it was.

He found Chris and Shannon at a table together, but after a day with Chris to himself, he couldn't find it in him to join them. He looked around for somewhere else to sit.

He saw Miley. Bobby took a deep breath, grabbed a veggie burger, and sat down next to her.

"Hi Bobby," she said with a smile.

As catastrophic as his first attempts at seducing her had been, she'd started to act like she was kind of interested in him. Maybe the whole vegan thing was less about morality and more a superiority thing. Which was fine, he got it. If she just wanted to insist she was better than him every once in a while he could work with that.

He returned her smile. "Hi."

He never knew how to deal with it on those occasions he felt like he wasn't on higher or even *equal* footing to the people he cared about. So maybe that was all this was. If he just found a girlfriend, he wouldn't be so annoyed by Shannon, and things with Chris would go back to normal.

And his weird fucking feelings for Chris would disappear.

For once, he didn't sit by Chris at the campfire (Shannon was always on his other side now, anyway), he sat next to Miley.

He wondered if Chris cared. He wondered if Chris watched them. He didn't know because he didn't look away from Miley for very long, and he never looked at Chris.

They smiled and laughed with each other. They snuck away from the

campfire together, up into the woods. They went to the make out spot. Shannon and Chris had probably been there a million times already this summer.

Miley said something to him, and she smiled, so he smiled back.

She kissed him.

She was kissing him.

He thought about how weird this kiss felt, for some reason. Then he thought about how his stomach felt funny. Then he thought about Chris and Shannon, then he thought about Miley again. Who he was kissing.

He pulled away.

"Bobby?" she asked breathlessly.

He felt numb. His hands were shaking.

"I-I dont—" he started, then froze as his brain finished the sentence. He didn't want this. He didn't? But—

Miley grabbed his hand. It made him feel cold. Everything about this felt wrong.

"What is it?" she asked sweetly. Her voice made him feel sick.

"Stop," he whispered.

She didn't hear. Or maybe she didn't understand.

"Are you okay?"

He wanted to be alone. He wanted to be anywhere but here. What the fuck was wrong with him?

"Bobby, what do you need?"

Nobody ever asked him stupid shit like that. Chris just *knew*.

"Just *go,*" he snapped. "Just leave me alone!"

She blinked. She moved away. She jogged back toward the fire.

The woods were cold. It was dark. He thought he might throw up.

Chris wasn't there, he was with Shannon, probably kissing her just like Bobby had kissed—*Jesus*, was he actually ill or what?

Tears started welling up and he tried to fight them down but they wouldn't go away and it made him so fucking angry. He dropped his face into his arms.

Fuck this shit. Fuck his life. Fuck everything.

Miley wasn't enough. Of course she wasn't. Nobody was except for—

Fuck.

Chapter End Notes

> There was very little relationship stuff here, it was mostly just Bobby freaking out, but there will be much more in the coming chapters fear not.
>
> Tell me what you think so far!

Chapter 2: Dating boys with exes / No, I wouldn't recommend it

Chapter Summary

Shannon enjoys time away from Bobby, then he threatens her.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As annoying as spending a day forced apart from Chris had been, the evening was the most peaceful one Shannon had had since summer had started.

For once, Bobby was minding his own business, doing whatever the fuck with Miley. It did lower her opinion of the girl that she seemed to enjoy Bobby's company, but Shannon was grateful for it since it kept him away from Chris.

At dinner, without Bobby across the table making sarcastic comments every five minutes, she and Chris were actually able to have a good time. A huge weight was lifted, and it got to be just *them*, the way it was supposed to be.

They ate dinner and they talked and they laughed. When they were both done eating, they lingered and Shannon basked in the alone time that was getting harder and harder to come by. She held onto his arm and let her head rest on his shoulder, and it didn't have to feel performative, like she was claiming him or something. It was just nice.

He asked her about the last book she'd read and she went on and on about the sweet romantasy she'd been reading in her bunk every night. And of course the last book he read was fucking The Will to Change by bell hooks, because he was *Chris*.

He always asked her all sorts of questions. Like he *really* wanted to get to know her. He acted like every single thing she said was important. He almost looked like he was taking notes in his head. Like her favorite color, and animal, and candy bar, and all that other stupid shit actually *mattered*.

"How was your day?" he asked, squeezing her hand.

Shannon shrugged. "It was alright. I mean, pretty good all things considered, but I wish I could've spent it with you."

"Me too," Chris agreed. Then he bit his lip, like he was thinking hard about something.

"What is it?"

He sighed. "It's just...Bobby seemed really happy today, and he said that me and him should do more stuff just the two of us, and I'm wondering if he's right? Like would you guys be happier if I did stuff with you separately?"

"Is that really a question?" Shannon laughed. "Of course I'd be happier not having to hear Bobby whining about nothing every five seconds." But even as she said it, she felt a bit unsure. Yes, having more time alone with Chris would be amazing, but was that really worth giving Bobby unsupervised Chris time too?

Chris continued. "I guess I just feel like you guys might be able to work things out if you spent more time together—" Shannon held back a snort. Right. "—but today Bobby seemed to kind of perk up, you know? And I'm wondering if maybe he'd be happier if I just stopped trying with you guys."

Shannon shrugged, already losing focus on what he was saying.

"You're annoyed I'm talking about Bobby," Chris said.

"I'm annoyed whenever I have to *think* about Bobby."

Chris licked his lips. "I just think if you guys spent more time—"

"—Chris, I could seriously imagine nothing worse than being friends with Bobby."

"He's *my* friend," he pointed out.

"Yeah, but he's an asshole. Like, literally a completely horrible human being."

He shook his head. "That's the thing, Shannon, he isn't." His gaze found hers again. "I mean, yes, he is to you, right now, but that's just how he is when he doesn't know someone yet."

"He's known me for years, Chris," Shannon said, rolling her eyes.

"Yeah, but not like...I don't know. He's weird. But he warms up to people."

"*Bobby* warms up to people?" she echoed, unconvinced.

Chris paused. "Well...I mean, he *has* before, in the past. Like it is a possibility, it's something he can do. And I want that for you. He's really a good friend when he tries to be."

"Chris, he's not going to warm up to me, he thinks I'm stealing you from him or something."

"Yeah but..." he trailed off.

She gave him a strained look. "Now can we *please* talk about something else?"

The rest of the evening was also, surprisingly, Bobby-free. It was just her and Chris sitting together at the fire, then wandering together through the campsite, until he finally walked her to her cabin.

She had been putting off going back to her bunk, as she'd been putting off seeing her roommate, but she could only drag it out for so long, and Chris eventually had to leave. She took a deep breath as she walked into the cabin.

Claire was sitting on her bed, writing in a notebook, a grocery bag resting on the blankets next to her. She looked up as Shannon walked in.

Shannon looked at her critically. "Jason didn't just randomly decide to put Bobby and Chris together today."

"No, he didn't," she agreed. "Bobby paid me to convince him."

Shannon's stomach dropped at her confession. "You sold me out?" she asked, not meaning to sound as hurt as she did. But yeah. Ouch.

She sat down across from Claire, on her own bed.

Claire followed her, grabbing the plastic bag as she moved to sit down next to Shannon. "I was *over* paid," she explained, looping a comforting arm over her shoulder. "It wasn't twenty bucks, it was one fifty. For a *day*."

As upset as Shannon had been, her surprise forced her to laugh. "One hundred fifty dollars?"

"Right?" Claire chuckled.

"Okay, that is sort of stupid," she acknowledged, leaning into Claire's touch.

"It was unbelievably stupid. And using that money, I got you this." She handed the plastic grocery bag she had been holding to Shannon. "As a peace offering."

"You went into town?" Shannon asked, taking it from her.

Claire nodded. "I asked Jason to cover for me." She nudged Shannon, so she opened it.

Inside were all of Shannon's favorite snacks. Twix bars, Starburst (the red only pack), orange Fanta, Airheads, and sour cream and onion chips. She felt a surge of relief when she saw the contents. Claire always managed to make her feel so safe. And, like, loved.

She turned to give her a hug. "Thank you."

Claire returned the hug, and Shannon felt her entire body relax. Ever since she was young, Claire had always looked out for her and cared for her in a way few of her other friends did. She was one of the many reasons Shannon had always loved to be at Pineway.

After a moment, Claire pulled away. "Now we're going to play cards and you can tell me all the stupid, gross, adorable romantic shit you've done with Chris and forget about Bobby, alright?"

Shannon smiled. "Okay."

Claire pulled out the cards, and Shannon launched into a sweet rant about Chris, allowing Bobby to disappear from her thoughts entirely.

The next few days after Bobby's day with Chris, Shannon barely saw him at all. He wasn't there to try to get her to fuck off, or to ignore her, or disagree with everything she says, or to try to pull Chris away every five seconds. He just left her and Chris alone.

It was heaven.

She finally felt like a normal fucking person in a normal fucking relationship. None of the weird nemesis rivalry bullshit Bobby had sprung on her. Just her and Chris, enjoying being together, the way it should be.

But on the third or fourth day of the peace, Bobby finally approached her again.

It was after the campfire, the first time she'd been alone all day. Ari had pulled Chris away to talk about something secret and important, so probably his stupid fucking screenplay, and Shannon had honestly not minded the time alone.

She had walked down to the lake to look at the stars, gotten immediately attacked by bugs, then decided to go to the parking lot instead, where she was now, leaning against her car.

When she saw Bobby walking toward her, she prayed to God that he wouldn't stop, but of course she wasn't so lucky.

He stopped in front of her, standing a few feet away. She said nothing, waiting for him to speak first.

Eventually, he did.

"I'm sure you're wondering where I've been lately," he started, like he was a character in a spy movie or something.

"No, I really haven't," she said. "I've mostly been enjoying not having to hear or see or think about you and pleading with the universe to let it be permanent."

Bobby's face dropped from his overly dramatic seriousness into a more familiar annoyance. "Yeah, well it's fucking not," he said.

Shannon's heart actually sank with disappointment. Fuck him.

"So you're back to clinging desperately to Chris?" she asked.

"That's right, Shannon, I'm back," he smiled, choosing to ignore the rest of her sentence. "I'm back, and I'm better than ever."

She groaned. "Guess it's my own fault for thinking you might have actually decided to be a normal fucking person for once. No, of *course* you're back."

Bobby paused, his face falling into an expression of shock, then anger.

"You're telling me on top of every fucking other thing wrong with you, you're also a fucking *homophobe?"* he cried, a hand flying to his chest in outrage. "Seriously, Shannon? In this day and age?"

Shannon's brain fucking *lagged* trying to keep up with whatever the fuck Bobby was trying to say now. "Woah, what? What the fuck are you talking about?"

Bobby scoffed. "Really, Shannon? You think it's not homophobic to tell *me,* a bisexual man, that I should just be normal? Really?"

"Of course it's not!" she shouted, still feeling flabbergasted. "Bobby, how could that have been homophobic? I didn't even know you were bi. That sentence had nothing to do with your fucking sexuality."

"Oh, really?" Bobby asked skeptically. "Now you suddenly "didn't know?"" He shook his head. "Your story is falling apart."

"Bobby how the *fuck* would I know that?" she spat.

He lifted his hands up. "Hey, you can make excuses if you want, it's fine. I mean, whatever you need to do to cope with the fact that you're gonna lose Chris."

She paused.

"Wait, *what?"* Shannon's brain ran a million miles an hour as she processed his threat.

Bobby just shrugged and gave a stupid smirk. "Just wait, Shannon. Just you wait."

Then he walked away, leaving Shannon alone in the dark.

Chapter End Notes

> Yay! I feel like I really figured out how to write Shannon here, but she is my weakest of the three, so please give me feedback if anything feels wrong or ooc.
>
> Besides that, what are we thinking chat? How are we feeling?

Chapter 3: The sooner you tell someone, the better you will feel

Chapter Summary

Chris comes up with a plan, and he talks to Bobby.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"So Shannon I know you like fantasy, and romance, and historical fiction sometimes, so I was wondering, do you have a genre you really *don't* like to read?"

"Yeah, I don't know why but realistic fiction is just so boring to me."

"You hate books that are *realistic?* What the fuck?"

"Shut the fuck up, Bobby, you dumbass, that's not even what realistic fiction means."

It was lunch time in the dining hall, and Chris sat squished between Shannon and Bobby which had become the norm this summer. But for once he couldn't find it in himself to be upset with their incessant bickering.

Bobby's disappearance had scared him. Even though it had only been a few days. Even though he had still been around camp. Even though he had still showed up at night. Even though he didn't even stop talking to Chris, he just kept interactions brief and polite.

Actually, that was probably worse. The silent treatment, he could deal with, but whatever Bobby had done was so much more terrifying. It had almost been like he was trying to give Chris space to be with Shannon. Which maybe he should've been grateful for, but it just felt like he was losing his best friend.

But then yesterday he had just plopped himself right back next to Chris, and Chris finally felt like he could breathe again.

"Realistic fiction is the one where it's just set in the present, right?"

"Yes, Chris, exactly. I think I just need some sort of gimmick to get invested. And I swear the main characters are always so whiny."

A few hours later, Shannon and Chris sat together on the lakeshore, watching their campers swim as the afternoon sun beating down on them.

"Whatever's going on with Bobby has been bothering you," Shannon noted, breaking their comfortable silence. Chris nodded meekly.

"I thought you didn't like to talk about him," he said.

"I don't," Shannon agreed. "And to be clear, I won't. I'm not listening to you rant about your asshole friend who hates me."

"He doesn't hate you," Chris argued.

"Yes he does. And he's fucking weird. Do you know he literally told me to watch out because he's going to "get you back?""

His brows furrowed. "What does that mean?"

Shannon shrugged, her eyes glinting oddly.

"But either way," she continued. "If it's bothering you, you should find someone to talk to about it. Someone who isn't me."

"Right," Chris nodded. "Talking to you about how worried I am about my best friend who acts like he hates you is probably not the best idea."

"Probably not," Shannon agreed.

"Okay. Thanks, Shannon." He gave her a half-hug with one arm around her shoulder. She leaned into the touch and rested her head on his shoulder.

"I did literally nothing, but you're welcome."

That evening, he found Claire and Jason cleaning up the absolute mess the kids had made of the arts and crafts room. He couldn't talk to Bobby about Bobby and he couldn't talk to Shannon about him, so he didn't have very many options.

When he walked in, the two paused their work to look at him.

"Hey, Chris," Jason offered with a smile.

"Hey, how do I get Bobby and Shannon to be friends?"

Bobby leaving had only cemented it for Chris. He couldn't chose one over the other between Bobby and Shannon. He wanted them both. He needed them both. He would just have to figure out how to get them to tolerate each other.

"I have an idea," Claire offered. Chris perked up excitedly. "Drop your asshole friend who's a bitch to your girlfriend."

Chris turned to Jason instead.

"Jason. You're always super obsessed with not hurting people's feelings, right?"

Jason smiled awkwardly. "I don't know if I—"

"How do I fix this without hurting anybody's feelings? The only thing that will make Bobby happy is not spending time with Shannon, and I don't want to do that, and Shannon's already annoyed with the time I'm already spending with Bobby. And I just want them both to get along, but they aren't even trying."

Jason looked at him softly. "I want to start with how honored I feel that you came to me for help," he started.

Chris cringed. "Don't make it weird dude, now I'm regretting it."

"Do you want his advice or not, asshole?" Claire snapped.

Chris gave her a weird look, (what the fuck was *her* problem?), but shut up.

"Right," Jason continued cheerily. "Well I think they're probably just acting out because they had one idea of how this summer was gonna go, then it starts and suddenly they have to share their favorite person in the entire world with someone they barely know. I think any one of us would be just as upset."

"Maybe, but none of us would be as fucking braindead about it as Bobby," Claire mumbled.

Chris barely heard her. "You really think I'm their favorite person?" he asked Jason.

"He's right," Claire said before Jason could answer, straightening the chaotic stack of papers next to her. "They're like angry gerbils. They're going to keep fighting unless you bond them properly."

Chris's stomach sank in dismay. "Well, how do I do that?"

"You put wire bars in the middle of their cage so they can see and smell each other but can't fight."

He paused. "No, not *gerbils,* Claire, Shannon and Bobby."

"Look, I'm just giving ideas," Claire defended, raising her hands in surrender. She went back to cleaning. Meanwhile, Jason had entirely abandoned collecting scraps of paper to throw away, now just standing there, seemingly deep in thought.

"I've got it," he said a few moments later. "Why don't you come up with some fun team-building activities to take them on? When you and Bobby were in my group, those activities always made all of you guys get closer."

"Uh no," Chris disagreed. "Those were just annoying. Not a single person liked them."

"Why are you being such a bitch?" Claire interjected. "You're literally *asking* for Jason's help."

Chris was surprised by Claire's hostility. Jason was just being fucking annoying. Or something. He was always annoying. Who cares if Chris was a bit short with him? (Had he been short with him?)

She paused and faced Chris, leaning against the table. "Why do you think you like Shannon?" she challenged.

Chris's thoughts stopped in their tracks at the accusation, and he bristled immediately. "I *do* like her. What the fuck?

"I'm not saying you don't," she clarified. "I'm saying you two have both been coming to Pineway for years. Why did you only start liking each other last year? Why did you only start dating now?"

"I don't know," he said. "I guess we just started spending a lot of time together last year."

"That's *right,* you did," Claire said. "And whose idea was it to put your groups together so often? Whose idea was it to pair you up on the

lake? Dish duty? Games night? Whose idea was it to "lose" you guys on the hike?"

"You guys did that on purpose?" Chris cried. "I was terrified!"

Claire waved him off. "And now you have a girlfriend."

Chris paused, slowly processing what she had said. "Wait...wait..."

"Take your time," Jason said gently.

The lake, dish duty, games night, the hike...those were literally all of the moments last year that he and Shannon had gotten close, that he had started crushing on her. And if they had all been planned, then that meant...

"Holy shit. Claire. You're the reason me and Shannon are dating. Thank you...*so* much."

She shook her head. "Not *me,* dumbass, it was Jason."

"What?"

Jason waved away Chris's nonexistent thanks. "It was nothing, really. I could just tell you guys would probably fit well together and, well, when you notice something like that it feels wrong *not* to do anything about it."

Chris felt a wave of gratitude crash over him. "Thank you, Jason. Seriously. I thought you were just annoying and allergic to fun, but you're actually super cool."

"*Chris,*" Claire admonished.

"What? It was a compliment!"

"It's alright Claire, I know what Chris meant," Jason said. "So yeah, Chris, team building exercises work. I think it's worth a shot with Shannon and Bobby."

Chris nodded eagerly. "Okay, yeah. Thanks for the help, Jason."

That night in his and Bobby's cabin he planned to ask him to join him with the team building exercise Jason had helped him plan. He felt unusually nervous. Although, that was probably to be expected, seeing

as Bobby had just avoided him for like a week then pretended nothing was wrong.

Chris brought it up a few minutes after Bobby joined him in their cabin. "Hey, Bobby, I was wondering if you would help reorganize the art room tomorrow with me and Shannon."

Bobby had been digging through his bag at the foot of his bed, and when Chris spoke, he turned to shoot him a look. "*Shannon?"*

"I know, Bobby, but I seriously think you guys could get along."

"We can't," he replied.

"Okay, well even if that's true, I like being with both of you. I want both of you guys there, even if you're just going to argue the whole time."

Bobby didn't blink at anything he said, Chris almost wondered if he'd even been listening. Then Bobby spoke, getting up from his crouched position to stand and face Chris.

"Why do you want me there?"

Chris blinked.

"Of course I want you there, Bobby, you're my best frien—"

Bobby took a step closer. Which was unexpected. "Chris." His voice was weirdly smooth and Chris's mouth went dry. "You keep letting me be there with you and Shannon like basically all the time, even when you should probably want alone time with her. I'm asking why. Why do you want me to be with the both of you so much?"

Chris was stunned. He didn't know what to say.

Then Bobby smiled.

"Yeah, I'll come. Sounds fun."

He walked back to his own bed and turned off the light, bathing the room in darkness.

Chris stayed awake for a long time trying to find the answer to Bobby's question and waiting for the funny feeling in his chest to go away.

Chapter End Notes

Our first bi panic! Poor Chris. He has no idea what's coming.

Tell me your thoughts <3

Chapter 4: Was such a bad idea / Cause I can't think straight

Chapter Summary

> They clean the art room.

Chapter Notes

> I'm going to remind everyone that this fic is rated MATURE. If you'd like spoilery details, go to the end notes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The morning light cast an annoying glare through the trees as Bobby, Chris, and Shannon trudged away from the campers and other counselors to the art room on the other side of the camp.

It was a group activity today, to make up for the fact that three counselors would be missing. Three counselors was both way more than necessary and way more than their already understaffed camp could afford. All to organize one room that wasn't even that bad right now. He tried to bring this up to Jason (to get him to ban Shannon from joining him and Chris), but Jason insisted they'd be fine without them. So at least it would be Jason's fault if everything went to shit without them.

When they came up to the building, Bobby was in front, with Shannon and Chris dragging slightly behind, talking about something. Which was annoying, less than ideal, and already not part of the plan. But it was fine, he tried to remind himself. The day had barely begun. The plan would work.

He opened the door and stepped inside.

As annoying as the morning sun had been, the way it streamed through the windows made the place look almost like something out of a storybook. He had so many memories in here, most of them pretty bad, but still. It had basically never changed. It was comforting in a weird way.

He started to feel a little bit bad at what they were about to do. He couldn't remember a time the room hadn't been unjustifiably messy, it was just part of what the art room *was*.

"I literally *watched* Claire and Jason clean it and it still looks like a complete wreck," Chris said as he and Shannon walked in behind Bobby.

"I don't know." Shannon looked around the room thoughtfully. "What would the art room even be if it was clean? Maybe we shouldn't mess with it too much."

He couldn't be seen agreeing with Shannon, so his opinion immediately flipped. "No, Chris is right, it's a fucking mess."

Shannon rolled her eyes, but didn't seem to have the energy to argue or even glare this time, which was honestly fair. It was too early in the morning for any actual arguing. Though Bobby's annoyance levels did flare as he heard Chris quickly assure Shannon that she had a point.

"Should we start with the shelves?" Bobby asked, diverting Chris's attention. It wasn't really a question. The cabinets and shelves they used to store most of the art was easily the biggest problem the art room had.

Chris nodded, turning away from Shannon. "Yeah, definitely."

The three began transferring huge stacks of paper from the storage areas to the main table. It was stupidly hard work, even though they took as much of the artwork as they could carry, it still took at least fifteen minutes. When they were nearly done, Shannon paused.

"We should probably decide if we're going to throw away stuff or not," she said.

Bobby scoffed. "Of course we're throwing stuff away. Some of the shit in here is like a decade old."

"Yeah, but Kathy and John kept it all for a reason," she pointed out. "That was part of the magic of the art room. Everything you made was going to stay there forever."

Bobby had always despised the rule. It had made Bobby hate everything he had made. Because of course it was shit, everything he made was shit, but he couldn't convince himself and everyone else that it was actually great and then "accidentally" lose it a week later. Every last arts and crafts project he had done at Pineway had made him feel awful, because he knew it was permanent.

But it had felt more important, Shannon was right about that. It had

made him feel slightly proud about the less horrible shit he made, albeit buried deep underneath the overwhelming embarrassment of it not being perfect.

Regardless, the rule made no sense.

"Well Kathy and John aren't here, and it's probably that exact policy that got this room so messy in the first place," Bobby responded.

"I'm serious, Bobby, I don't think we're following the spirit of what Pineway's supposed to be if we just get rid of all this."

"Right," Bobby said with a sarcastic nod. "And then if we stick to Jason's stated goal of keeping this place open for as long as possible, we'll collect more and more shitty fucking art until the art room becomes a fucking storage room for stupid shit that kids who are literally adults now won't know or care about."

Bobby's voice had risen substantially by the end of his rant and Shannon shouted to meet it. "Jesus, fine, we'll throw it all away then!"

"So, you guys came to an agreement then?" Chris asked timidly.

Bobby dumped a whole stack of art into the trash. Shannon didn't comment.

They finished moving all the art out into the open and started sorting through it.

A few minutes later, Bobby noticed Chris hadn't moved in a while. He was just staring at the same drawing in his hand, not doing anything with it. He glanced over to see what Chris was looking at. It was one of Bobby's. Kind of. It was kind of both of theirs.

It was supposed to be a self portrait. Bobby had fucking hated it and therefore compensated by bragging about it all day. The next day Chris had stolen it and added himself in it too, right next to Bobby. He hadn't said shit about it, he was pretty sure he'd pretended he didn't even know Chris had done it. But he hadn't hated his drawing quite as much anymore.

"Maybe we should keep some of it," Chris said as he stared at the picture. Bobby felt a sense of relief that he had been the one to suggest it. He could never agree with Shannon's opinion openly, but it would have killed him to throw away that stupid, ugly crayon drawing.

He shrugged like he was mildly annoyed. "Whatever."

Chris carefully placed it on an empty spot on the table, and Shannon added a few pictures she had apparently been saving too. Bobby carefully planted a few drawings he had put off throwing away closer to Chris's space and a few minutes later when Chris noticed them, he put them on the pile too.

Bobby continued sorting through his pile of old artwork, throwing nearly all of them in the trash without a thought until one made him pause.

The paper curled up at the edges, and some of the colors looked like they'd dulled over time. It was a painting depicting the entirety of Camp Pineway with absolutely no thought for the actual distance between things and multiple random floating smiley faces. In the bottom corner five multicolored blocky letters spelled Jason.

"What about the art Jason or whoever else is emotionally attached to?" Bobby asked distractedly.

Shannon shrugged. "If they cared about it, *they* should've been the ones to clean this place out."

Cold. Bobby would respect it if it wasn't Shannon. He crumpled the drawing up and threw it in the trash.

Bobby let them settle in to their task for a while before he made his first move.

"Chris, come here," he prompted.

"Why?" Chris asked, while he did what he'd asked.

When he was in front of him, Bobby took an extra step forward, now comfortably within Chris's space.

"What—"

"—You look stupid," Bobby explained, reaching a hand forward. Chris was stiff and almost panicked-looking when Bobby's hand made contact with his hair.

Bobby pulled the scrap of paper coated in dried glue that must have fallen off one of the artworks and somehow ended up in his hair.

"There," he said, smiling a little. "You're good now."

He turned back to the stack he had been going through. A few moments later, Chris went back to his pile, too.

Shannon gave him a why-are-you-flirting-with-my-boyfriend glare, to which Bobby responded by flipping her off because Chris was *her* boyfriend somehow even though objectively he should be Bobby's. She just sighed and looked away, as if Bobby wasn't worth her time (and not a threat to her relationship), which deeply offended him. Once he stole Chris from her, then she'd see.

He got another chance to flirt a few hours later, just before they would take a break for lunch.

Chris had been naturally spending most of his time near Shannon, the way he usually did these days, but Bobby had come up with some stupid excuse for them to work together to sort the pile they were currently going through.

They found a painting Chris had made when they had been probably thirteen or so. It was really bad, of course. But Bobby didn't mind it, because it was Chris's. And it made him remember that year, it had been a good one.

He voiced the thought. "That was such a good summer," he commented.

His friend nodded and smiled. "Yeah, definitely," Chris agreed. "But we were always so tired. We kept sneaking into each others' bed and staying up for hours talking."

"Yeah, but it was worth it," Bobby smiled. "I miss that. I'd love to sleep with you again sometime."

Chris's cheeks turned the most beautiful rosy color Bobby had ever seen, and the mere sight almost made him blush too. Because he was *hot,* especially like this.

Chris cleared his throat. "Uh, yeah. Right, Bobby. Yeah, totally."

But then he left to work with Shannon again. So Bobby couldn't fucking figure out what he was doing wrong.

Once they came back from lunch, they finally managed to get through all of the multiple years-old art, and once they had, it was obvious it had been the right choice. The room itself no longer looked like it was suffocating, and there was actual space now to store the art supplies that was usually scattered around the room with only a vague system.

Chris had been in charge of giving the supplies new homes on the shelf, and Bobby came by to see how he was doing.

Bobby squinted at Chris's handiwork, trying to decipher it. "What are you sorting the art supplies by?" he asked, trying to understand why the paint and the paintbrushes were about as far from each other as possible.

Chris paused. "Oh, I was just putting things on the shelves," he admitted. "I wasn't really thinking about it."

Bobby saw an opening and he immediately took it. He invaded Chris's space again and slightly ducked his head, now so close that his chin almost touched the back of Chris's shoulder.

"You should put the things that are already basically the same with each other," his voice rumbled right next to Chris's ear. "You don't need to mix things up for no reason, not when what we had before this was already good." He reached around Chris and moved the paint next to the paintbrushes.

Again, Chris's body was rigid, and his voice was weirdly stilted as he replied.

"Yeah, that—that makes sense."

When Bobby stepped away, he saw Chris's shoulders immediately drop in relief. Again, he moved to work next to Shannon. They chatted and laughed and Bobby felt fucking *lost.*

He stopped flirting. He felt like a dumbass when nothing came of it but Chris getting closer to Shannon. He tried to be normal—better than normal, actually, because he tried to mostly ignore Shannon instead of mostly fighting with her.

It didn't fucking matter that he had stopped though. Chris kept acting weird, and for the rest of the day, he clung to Shannon like a lifeline. By the end of the day, Bobby was working entirely on his own, in silence, while Shannon and Chris joked together at the other side of the room.

When it was time for dinner he didn't announce his departure, he just left, and they didn't even notice.

He spent the evening in his and Chris's cabin moping.

As if the flirting fail wasn't bad enough, it was also the day Chris and Shannon usually fucked. Officially they called it their date night or something like that, but seeing as Chris came to bed extremely late if he came back at all on those days, Bobby could imagine what was happening. Also because Chris usually told him everything that had happened the next morning.

Anyway, they were probably going to fuck soon, so Bobby was twice as upset.

Chris walked into their cabin an hour or so after Bobby had retreated to it, grabbed a hoodie or something and left, all while saying nothing and avoiding direct eye contact.

Clearly, Bobby had fucked *everything* up.

He felt so fucking stupid. What did he think was going to happen? He was going to turn Chris gay and get him to cheat on Shannon? As much as Bobby hated her, Chris was obviously head over heels for her. Flirting with him wasn't going to change that. He was only ever going to make things weird. And that's exactly what he did.

Everything was ruined.

He didn't expect Chris back for hours at least, so it surprised him when he turned up again maybe half an hour later.

He thought he'd probably forgotten something else, so he tried to ignore him. But Chris hadn't moved.

"Hi." Bobby finally acknowledged him.

"Hi." Chris hovered near the doorway, as if this wasn't his fucking cabin too. Bobby wondered if he was really just coming back to get something or if he and Shannon had already finished fucking. If they had, one or both of them had to be extremely bad at it.

"Hey. Why the fuck are you here?" He said it a little harsher than he

usually liked to speak to Chris, but fuck, he was allowed to be upset right now. His entire plan had fallen apart and Chris was still fucking dating *Shannon.*

When Chris didn't respond he only got more annoyed. "Does Shannon not have condoms or—"

Chris rushed forward and kissed him.

Bobby's brain turned off.

Chris didn't pull away. Neither did Bobby. Every coherent thought was replaced with Chris.

His lips were soft, so soft. He was a good kisser—that wasn't a surprise, Bobby knew he had plenty of practice.

When he imagined kissing Chris, it had been nothing like this, which made him feel stupid because everything he did was so obviously *Chris.* He forgot about his hands for long enough that it was a little awkward when he finally moved them from his sides to hold Bobby's face. He made a soft sound that made Bobby practically melt. He was so gentle even though the kiss was hungry.

And Bobby realized all at once that this was what kisses were *supposed* to feel like.

Obviously Miley hadn't been his first kiss. He had had kisses he enjoyed before, even though they weren't Chris. But none of them had felt like *this.*

He couldn't believe it had taken him so long to realize what he felt. All that wasted time they could've spent kissing.

Of course Chris was the one who pulled away first. Bobby would never have ended the kiss voluntarily. It took everything in him not to follow Chris to prolong the kiss. That would be *such* loser behavior, so he didn't.

Chris looked at him. Suddenly Bobby panicked. Had he kissed back? No, he had to have for the kiss to have gone on that long. Chris had to know he liked it.

Chris licked his lips. He kissed him again, this time only for a second.

Chris seemed out of breath. He was staring at his lips. "Bobby?"

“Yeah?”

“I think I’m gay,” Chris blurted.

There was silence for a second, then Bobby chuckled. “You *think?*”

Chris almost seemed to relax at that, and this time Bobby kissed him.

Then somebody started using tongue and then—well. It got heated pretty fast.

Chris was being *so* vocal, even though they weren’t even really *doing* anything and if it was anyone else that would’ve been so lame, but it was *Chris,* so instead it totally turned him on.

Bobby flipped them so that he could start forcing Chris back towards a bed. He stumbled backward easily, letting Bobby guide him until his legs knocked against the mattress. He didn't sit, and Bobby's plans changed so he didn't make him.

He broke the kiss instead, looking up at Chris.

“You ate her out, right?”

“Yeah?” Chris answered, brows furrowed.

Bobby licked his lips. “So she *hasn’t* ever blown you?”

“Uh no.”

It was a crime against all that was good in the world that there was no way to capture the look on Chris’s face when Bobby dropped to his knees.

Chapter End Notes

*chapter note - there's no smut, but there is also no question as to what's going on. Sex. Sex is going on. Oral sex. This fic is not for children.

If you've finished the chapter, hi. Hello. Uh. Please feed me with comments, I need sustenance.

Chapter 5: I don't really wanna hear anymore about him

Chapter Notes

> Just so there's no confusion, this chapter begins a little bit before the end of the last one. After Bobby left the art room but before Chris confessed.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Shannon, can we talk?"

That was how it started, immediately after they'd finished cleaning the art room. She had been getting ready to leave, to go to dinner with him. Now, she paused by the door.

"What is it?"

Chris hesitated. "It's...so you know Bobby, right?"

Shannon blinked. "What? What did he say?"

"I think," Chris said slowly, like he was picking every word with care. "That I might...be gay."

It probably took longer than it should have for her to process what he'd said.

"You're...gay?" she repeated robotically. Somewhere in her head a voice screamed at her that this was not how she should be reacting to someone coming out, but that voice didn't seem to understand that this was her fucking boyfriend. Which meant... "You don't like me?"

"I really thought I did, Shannon," he said. "Like, romantically. I still like you, just—and I seriously thought, like, *this* is how I feel about Shannon. Obviously. And I really really liked being with you. But I've been feeling these things for Bobby, like really intense things, like just as intense as with you, but...anyway it's definitely not platonic, so yeah. I'm pretty sure I'm gay."

"Okay."

There was nothing else to say or do. She honestly didn't feel that bad about it. Then again, she was probably in shock.

"Okay?" Chris sounded unsure, so she probably still wasn't reacting very well.

"Yeah." She tried to sound more enthusiastic, as if she wasn't literally being dumped. It's fine, Shannon. Well, it's not, but it's not his fault he's gay. There's no point in making him feel bad about being honest. "You're going to date Bobby then?"

He nodded. "I mean, if I can. I'm not sure he'll like me back or any—"

"—he will. He does." If the situation wasn't already extremely fucked, she would've laughed at Chris's worry. Bobby obviously liked Chris. In fact, he liked Chris way more than Chris liked Bobby, in Shannon's opinion at least.

"Really?" Chris asked, his eyes lighting up. Ouch. "You're su—"

"—I'm sure."

They really needed to wrap this conversation up. Because how the fuck had it already devolved into her now ex-boyfriend asking her if his crush likes him back?

She sighed. "Alright, Chris, I need to go to bed. You go confess to Bobby or whatever, okay?"

For some reason the thought of Chris with Bobby was significantly less upsetting than the thought of continuing to drag this out.

He looked confused or almost disappointed at her response. She was too exhausted to try to figure out why.

"You're sure you're okay with—"

"Yes, Chris, I'm sure."

And that was that. Chris was her ex. And he was into Bobby. Chris was going to start dating Bobby. The timeline was fucked.

The utter shock on Claire's face when Shannon explained what happened was vindicating. She'd been a little worried she'd been a dumbass and everyone could see that Chris was gay except her. Apparently not true, thank god.

Then Claire had been soft and comforting and shit which quickly led

Shannon to the discovery that she didn't really feel sad. She still wanted to date Chris, she was upset he wasn't into her, and she was pissed he was into Bobby, but she didn't feel like crying. She felt like she was missing something.

He hadn't been romantically into her, as much as it had seemed like he was. Obviously he just hadn't been telling the whole truth about his feelings—but when did Chris ever do that? Shannon didn't think he was even *capable* of hiding what he felt. But clearly she'd been wrong. Clearly she didn't understand him as well as she thought she had.

She was just confused.

Claire wanted to talk, but Shannon didn't. She just wanted to sleep. So she did.

The next day was rainy. Like, it looked like it was night and it was absolutely pouring. Which at Pineview meant regularly scheduled events for the day were canceled and they would be doing huge group activities in the cafeteria.

The whole first half of the day, she was leading most of the activities, so she didn't really have time to think about what had happened yesterday. At one point she saw Chris and waved to him, and he waved back. Then he went to helping kids who were behind on the craft they were doing.

She could tell virtually everyone knew she and Chris had broken up. Word traveled fast at Pineview. The way everyone looked at her—it was obvious they knew. But she didn't want to deal with their questions, so she didn't. She didn't give anyone a chance to talk to her. She lead the activities, maybe faster than she strictly should have, so none of the kids could try to say anything to her, then as soon as her part was over, she hurried out to the rec room, which should basically be empty since all the other counselors should be busy in the cafeteria.

It was about an hour before lunch, so she spent it reading (The Starless Sea). Since the cafeteria was absolutely packed today, some counselors would have to eat there just to watch the kids, but some would probably eat in the rec room instead. It was fine, she'd be ready to be around people by then.

Again, she was shocked she wasn't really sad. She just didn't want to

talk about it. Maybe because everyone else expected her to be sad.

She did miss Chris—she missed him already, but...it was weird. She didn't really know what she was feeling.

So she didn't think about it. She just read her book.

Forty-five minutes later, she was interrupted.

"What genre is that one?"

Of course it was fucking Bobby.

He walked in and sat right next to her, which wasn't unusual, at least not at lunch time.

"Fantasy, mostly," Shannon said. "It's kind of a lot of things though."

"God forbid it's realistic," Bobby grumbled. Probably only annoyed because it was an opinion of *Shannon's*.

"Well you're welcome to read whatever *you* want," she responded. "Where's Chris?"

"He's getting lunch for us. He'll be here in a few minutes, probably."

Shannon nodded. Her heart hurt a bit. Chris was so fucking awesome. And now he was dating *Bobby*.

She regretted pushing him to confess to Bobby. She should've convinced him there were much better men out there for him. Because obviously there were.

"I did it," Bobby grinned. "I told you I would, and I did."

"You did," Shannon acknowledged. "But it's not over."

"Yes it is, he's gay."

"Yeah, I know *I* won't be the one to date him next, but I promise you, Bobby, that doesn't mean I can't take him from you."

He scoffed. "Sure, I'd like to see you try."

"You will absolutely see me try, *and* you'll see me succeed."

Then Chris walked in, and their conversation ended.

Lunch with Bobby and Chris was surprisingly normal. Except for the occasional hand-holding between Bobby and Chris and the much more overt flirting from Bobby, which unfortunately never failed to make Chris blush.

Back when she had been dating Chris she had been absolutely perplexed at Bobby's inane decision to spend all his fucking time with them, even though he was angry and jealous. But now, she kind of got it. Watching them do the couple things wasn't that annoying, and it would be worse to leave them alone and not know what was happening, and get absolutely no time with Chris.

It did suck though, that her relationship with Chris had to be platonic now.

But in that case, she would be his *best* friend, and find an actually *good* guy for him to date. Chris deserved the world, not fucking *Bobby*.

A few hours later, she ran into Claire, who seemed eager to talk to her. Right, she'd still want sad breakup feelings from Shannon that she honestly didn't have. At least, not in the expected way. She was more sad about her friendship breakup from five years ago than she was about this.

"You sat with them for lunch today," Claire started.

She found that weird, apparently. It had felt pretty natural to Shannon. "Yeah, we always sit together at lunch."

"Yeah, but you haven't always had a recent breakup with Chris."

She shrugged. "It's fine, we're still friends. And I need to figure out how to break him and Bobby up, so the more time I have with them, the better."

"What?" Claire said, not following at all. "It doesn't matter if he breaks up with Bobby, didn't you say he said he was gay?"

"Right, best case scenario would be him dating me, but with that out of the cards, I still need him to not date Bobby. There's plenty of better men out there for him."

"Okay." Claire still seemed to be struggling to keep up. "But you also shouldn't be sacrificing your feelings just to break them up. I mean, it

can't feel good to have to see them together so much—"

"It doesn't bother me."

"It *doesn't?"*

"Look, I'm not having normal breakup feelings right now, okay? Something just feels different. I don't know." She shrugged. "Don't expect me to react normally to all this because I haven't been."

"Okay," Claire finally seemed to understand. "Well what do you need from me?"

Shannon thought for a moment. "Get Bobby away from Chris. I need to talk to him alone."

Claire nodded. "I can do that."

Shannon didn't know what Claire had done, but at dinner, Bobby was nowhere to be seen, so Shannon decided to strike.

She sat down next to Chris. "Hey best friend."

"Oh, Shannon." He lit up a bit at seeing her, but he also seemed kind of uncomfortable.

"What, I'm not your best friend now?" Shannon asked.

He shrugged. Oh, that actually was the problem. "I don't know, I kind of promised Bobby he could be my best friend, so I'll have to ask him."

She laughed. "Chris, he's literally your boyfriend now."

"Exactly, he'll probably be totally fine with it."

Okay, now convince him to break up with Bobby.

Somehow.

There was no good way to do this. Shannon decided to just bite the bullet.

"Chris, why are you dating Bobby?"

"What?" He looked at her. "I told you, I'm gay."

"Yes, absolutely, I definitely got that, but that doesn't mean you have to date the first guy to show interest in you," she said. "I mean, you *do* still have options."

"Yeah, I know I do," he said. "I *like* Bobby. You know this, Shannon."

"He's an asshole, Chris."

He shook his head. "How?"

"What?"

"How is he an asshole? What has he done?"

She was a little taken aback. She'd called Bobby an asshole tons of times, to Chris's face, and he'd rarely disputed it. It was just a fact of nature.

"Everyone knows he's an asshole, Chris."

He scoffed at that response. "Just like everyone knows Jason's annoying as fuck?"

"Yes?"

"He's the reason we dated in the first place!"

Shannon didn't know what Chris was saying. She couldn't really focus on what he was saying. He was, like, actually mad. She'd never seen him upset at her before.

"What?" she asked, absolutely lost.

Chris sighed. "I'm sick of just agreeing with what everyone else says just because they're all saying it. I'm not dating Bobby even though he's an asshole, I'm dating him because he's awesome. And I really, really like him."

"Just like you really liked me?" she challenged. It was a low blow, she knew. Saying Chris couldn't trust his feelings about Bobby because he'd been wrong about his feelings for her. But she was right, she knew she was. As soon as Chris saw there were other, better options, he'd leave Bobby in the dust. As he *should.*

"*Yes*, exactly like that," Chris agreed without hesitation.

Shannon was puzzled by that response. How had Chris not understood

what she was saying? Even if he misunderstood, why would he have equated his feelings for her with his feelings for Bobby?

"I like Bobby. As a friend, as a boyfriend, it doesn't matter. And it's not because I'm dumb, or don't understand what I want. It's *because* I think he's like the best guy I've ever met."

Shannon didn't understand it. She seriously didn't. But Chris seemed really serious. So she could respect it, at least.

"Okay," she finally agreed. "I'll believe you there. You really, seriously like Bobby even though I could never understand why."

"You could," Chris argued. "If you gave him a chance, you would see it."

She chuckled. "Sure."

Things were a little bit better, but there was still some tension. She did what she could to clear it.

"So, if Bobby's the best guy you've met, do I at least get to be the best girl you've met?" she joked.

"Absolutely."

He said it so quickly. So genuinely. So...tenderly. Shannon knew she probably shouldn't, but that moment...it made her want to test something. She just had to know.

None of this had made sense. But that happens sometimes. It could mean nothing. Or it could mean anything. She wanted to see it for herself, so she could finally accept it.

She scooted closer to him. Maybe he wouldn't notice or read into it. Maybe he'd get anxious or pull away. Maybe he'd just be uncomfortable and she'd move back herself.

Her hand was almost touching his. Her face was absurdly close to his. She looked up at him.

He looked down at her. He glanced at her lips. He licked his lips. He looked back up at her.

He looked like he was holding himself back. Like he *wanted* her.

He cleared his throat, scooted away, glanced at her a few too many

times. His face was red.

Oh god. Even though she had done it on purpose, she had expected to be proven wrong.

She hadn't been.

He had almost kissed her. Shannon wasn't stupid, she wasn't going to chalk that moment up to being nothing. Chris was actually, genuinely into her. He wasn't gay, he was bisexual.

She still had a chance.

Bobby had actively decided to steal Chris from her, and somehow, it had worked. Maybe it was time she tried to steal him back.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!!

End Notes

There is not going to be smut in this fic, but there will be implied/fade to black stuff and if I feel like writing the sex scenes I MIGHT make a separate fic where I post them.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!